

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:  
754 FIFTEENTH STREET, N.W.  
Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C.,  
as second-class mail matter.  
Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.  
Under the Direction of  
SCOTT C. BONE, . . . . . Editor  
HENRY L. WEST, . . . . . Business Manager  
Telephone Main 3500. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier.  
Daily and Sunday, . . . . . 40 cents per month  
Daily and Sunday, . . . . . \$1.20 per year  
Daily, without Sunday, . . . . . 35 cents per month  
Subscription Rates by Mail.  
Daily and Sunday, . . . . . 50 cents per month  
Daily and Sunday, . . . . . \$1.50 per year  
Daily, without Sunday, . . . . . 40 cents per month  
Daily, without Sunday, . . . . . \$1.20 per year  
Sunday, without daily, . . . . . \$2.00 per year

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should be sent with the manuscript for  
that purpose.  
All communications intended for this  
newspaper, whether for the daily or the  
Sunday issue, should be addressed to  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING  
SPECIAL AGENCY, Brunswick Building,  
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAN-  
HAM, Bore Building.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1910.

### "God Bless Us, Every One!"

Christmas Day!  
It is well that grown men and women  
celebrate it. As for the children, God  
bless them! It is the day, the one day  
of the whole year, for them.

Over nineteen hundred years have been  
added to the great eternity since the  
event commemorated found its place in  
the world's history. The event of thou-  
sands of years that preceded it—the one  
great event that has made the Christian  
world what it is.

Celebrate it! Celebrate it in the good  
old way! The Christ Child should be  
the central idea. But do not imagine  
for one moment that He has made it a  
sombre day. It is a day of joy, light-  
heartedness, of peace toward all and  
a good time for all. There are millions  
of children in this wide land who re-  
ceive and give gifts to each other and  
to their parents who are above all  
other. Do not insinuate into their fresh  
youth minds the slightest doubt that  
they are celebrating the day that belongs  
to them, and may the chorus of youth-  
ful voices drown the last vestige of the  
doubter and pessimist.

You, fathers, who for 24 days in the  
year forget you have children, come to  
your senses! Drop the business of the  
hour and, with the children, live again  
that happy time when you, too, received  
Christmas gifts and, with childish arms  
around the neck, gave a hug and kiss  
for each. Ah, you remember, do you  
not? When father and mother and Uncle  
Tom gave each one a Christmas gift—  
can you forget it? They are the bright  
milestones on an otherwise dreary way.

Do not think too much of the world at  
large! There are thousands and thou-  
sands of bright, happy youngsters who  
believe the whole year centers in this  
day. It is a grand, joyful time, and the  
father and mother who want the little  
ones happy may hear their joyous  
laughter and see their shining faces as  
they open the Christmas presents looked  
forward to for months. Oh, you can  
be happy! Let business cares and wor-  
ries of all kinds take a back seat for  
the day. You are young again and think  
only of the joy that your gifts bring  
to the hearts of the little ones.

It was Tiny Tim who said, "God bless  
us, every one!" and waved the naked  
drumstick. Yes; may "God bless us,  
every one!" And you whisper that  
prayer over drooping heads, while, with  
hearts full of love, and a smile on their  
lips, the little ones lie down to slumber-  
land. And you are a little better for  
the day!

And another way to foster the true  
spirit on Christmas Day is not to blame  
the poor postman for the delay.

### The Eternal Feminine.

The eternally feminine characteristic of  
love of fiery has been, we suppose,  
since the beginning of the world. The  
excavators at work in the ruins of the  
ancient city of Pompeii the other day  
came upon the body of a young girl,  
strangely preserved through all these  
years, under the crusts of lava. From  
the position in which the body was  
found, it was plain that death had over-  
taken her as she was trying to make  
her way to the street. She had fallen  
near the threshold of a door, and in  
skeleton fingers, which crumbled into  
dust as they were brought into the open  
air, this Pompeian maiden clutched a  
pitiful handful of jewelry. It was plain,  
say the excavating experts, that in all  
the terror of that frightful eruption of  
Mount Vesuvius, the eternal feminine love  
of fiery had dominated this poor girl,  
and, perhaps, in waiting to gather up her  
few trinkets, she lost her only chance  
to escape.

Much of the history of the ill-fated  
city of Pompeii is being told, after all  
these centuries, by the thoroughness with  
which the excavations are being carried  
on. Hardly a discovery is made that  
does not stimulate the imagination and  
help us to reconstruct something of  
the lives of the dwellers in Pompeii.  
The other day they came upon the body  
of a sentry, arms still in his hand, a  
man who had evidently died at his post,  
faithful to his duty. They found, too,  
the skeleton of a dog covering the skele-  
ton of his master. The two friends had  
died together. Around the dog's neck  
was a brass collar bearing an inscrip-  
tion in the ancient language, showing  
that the dog had on two occasions saved  
the life of his master—once from a ship-  
wreck and once from the hands of brig-  
ands.

But of all the appealing discoveries  
that have been made, we think, perhaps,  
the body of the poor girl who died to  
save her few trinkets comes to us with  
the greatest force and degree of pathos.

Surely no one can blame the Pompeian  
maiden for her very natural desire to save  
the little necklace, the rings, and the  
adornments for her hair to which through  
all these centuries the slender, withered  
fingers still clung. Vanitas vanitatum,  
said the prophet. All is vanity. The same  
motives that impelled this Pompeian  
maiden to her death are the eternally  
feminine motives of to-day.

The cynical Houston Post says that a  
woman's attempt to look pretty is a  
vain effort. Not in Washington; they  
just can't help it.

### To-morrow and To-morrow.

"Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow  
we shall die!" How glibly the mock  
cheerfulness of it runs off the tongue  
and is uttered, in a semi-boastful spirit,  
by many who do not realize how little  
genuine truth there is in it. "To-mor-  
row we shall die!" Who can assure us  
of the truth of that? To find solace in  
such a thought is but the makeshift  
of the coward. The strong probabilities  
are that instead of finding rest in the  
grave to-morrow, you shall find the day  
filled with bustling cares and anxieties,  
with strenuous need for labor and for  
strife, and that if to-day has been filled  
only with eating and drinking and  
merrymaking, you shall find yourself  
mightily unfit for the business you are  
called upon, by the exigencies of living,  
to perform.

Of course, the saying is from the  
Scriptures, but not all the inspiration  
that is needed by the soul of man need  
be looked for there. In the Hindu Vedas,  
written in Sanskrit long before the  
Scriptures we accept were known, you  
shall find the ancient philosopher writ-  
ing:

"Look to the exhortation of the dawn,  
Look to this day,  
For it is life, the very life of life.

"In its brief course he all the virtues,  
All realities of existence:  
The bliss of growth,  
The glory of action,  
The splendor of beauty;

For yesterday is but a dream, and to-morrow only a  
vision; but today, well lived, makes every yester-  
day a dream of happiness, and every to-morrow a  
vision of hope.

Look well, therefore, to this day,  
Such is the salutation of the dawn."

That, you will find, is a trumpet-call  
to the duties that lie near at hand, the  
duties that too often we flatter our-  
selves, because they seem so common-  
place, are easy of accomplishment. We  
all of us have dreams of the things  
we should like to do, the worlds we  
could conquer if only we had the op-  
portunities; the lives we would save,  
the heroic deeds we would perform. But  
all these things are the dreams of that  
to-morrow—that never, never comes.

The fact is as it is stated in the Vedas—  
to-morrow is in our own hands—to-day!  
Are we wasting our hours, throwing  
away our golden moments, sliding and  
falling back instead of pushing bravely  
on the road? Then by so much as we  
fall to-day, that bitter to the taste shall  
be to-morrow's regret and bewailing. It  
is in our power, if we will, so to sow  
the plowed fields of to-day that to-  
morrow we may reap a wondrous har-  
vest of golden memories.

To any philosophy of spiritual hope, to-  
morrow is essential. It is to-morrow  
that the good for which we fight so hard  
to-day will come to us—perchance! The  
road that now is toilsome and steep and  
hard to travel, shall if not be green with  
velvet grass and fair and rolling with  
gentle downward slope—to-morrow! To-  
day we are discouraged and lonely and  
our spirits fall; shall not our friends  
cling, our encouragements flee, our  
spirits bound—to-morrow?

To-morrow holds the prize of hope; to-  
morrow sees the ghostly phantom of  
despair fleeing in the distance. Voices  
that we have missed and loved shall  
meet us once again; faces that we saw  
yesterday only through a mist of tears  
shall to-morrow smile encouragement on  
our way.

"O far to-morrow, what our souls have missed,  
Art thou not keeping for us, somewhere, still  
The buds of promise that have never blossomed—  
The tender lips that we have never kissed—  
The song, whose high, sweet strain eludes our skill?  
The one wondrous pearl that life hath never known!"

That marine officer who is to be court-  
martialled for swearing at a lazy bugler  
will probably realize that it is safer to  
let a man blow his own horn.

### Laus Deo!

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for be-  
hold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which  
shall be to all people. For unto you is born this  
day in the city of David a Saviour, which  
shall be to all people. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling  
clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there  
was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly  
host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in  
the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward  
men."

That was the first Christmas Day, sepa-  
rated from us by the gulf of centuries,  
but still that song of peace and good will  
toward men has been ringing down  
the years, and though God knows that all of  
us have fallen far short of our ideals,  
we may, on Christ's birthday, filled with  
its sense of beneficence and blessing and  
joy, look forward with renewed strength  
and hope that the miracle of Bethlehem  
was not wrought in vain.

Materially considered, Christmas Day is  
but a date in the calendar, and its full  
significance is not to be realized by the  
display of holly, by the good cheer with  
which we celebrate; not even by the spirit  
of love and friendliness that on this day  
of all the year is abroad in the Christian  
world. The glory of Christmas Day one  
can only realize in his heart and soul.  
To-day, if ever, we can put aside the  
worries of the day, the burdens of life,  
the cares that fret us. To know the ten-  
derness of Christmas Day is to go back  
in spirit to our childhood days, to the  
days when the beautiful love of mother  
and father encompassed us about; when  
the Christmas hearthside was a sacred  
shrine.

The faith that was ours then—the spirit  
of joy and thankfulness and peace with  
which we received that wondrous story  
that begins "When shepherds watched  
their flocks by night"—that is the spirit  
that is responsible for all the real good  
that up to this Christmas Day we have  
been able to express in our lives. That  
is the spirit and that the faith that we  
may summon back to our aid to-day; the  
simple, blessed faith of childhood, that  
impels us to raise our voices in praise to

Him and to ask Him for renewed strength  
that still with faith and courage we may  
forth the coming years.

A nurse snatcher who grabbed a  
Christmas shopper's purse found only  
one penny in it. Evidently the lady had  
done her Christmas shopping early.

A St. Paul band-organ man died the  
other day, leaving a fortune of \$30,000.  
This is another evidence of the truth of  
the theory that the daily grind is more  
successful than genius.

The Weather Bureau promises snow  
for Christmas Day, but Prof. Moore may  
not be able to keep even his Christmas  
promises.

Once a year, on this day, comes with re-  
newed appeal the toast of Tiny Tim:  
"God bless us, every one!"

It is pretty hard to understand why  
it is that the newspapers invariably  
speak of "dangerous crooks." Are there  
any other kind?

The Missouri girls can now "show"  
their swains, a Missouri justice of the  
peace has marked down the price of wed-  
ding ceremonies to \$1.98 for the holidays.

"Latham sued for alimony," reads a  
headline; but it is not the aviator, but  
an actor who is also a high flyer.

Still, Commander Simms was only  
voicing the expression, "Blood is thicker  
than water," that a distinguished prede-  
cessor of his gave vent to years ago in  
China.

And of course if the colonel is really  
still getting a dollar a word, that railroad  
bill ought not to worry him much.

At least the energy of Eugene Foss is  
bearing some fruit, since Senator Lodge  
thinks now that the tariff could stand  
for a little revision.

### POLITICAL POTPOURRI.

From the Philadelphia North American.  
The Senate committee reports that there was  
enough bribery to effect the election of Lorimer.  
Senators are apt to know just how much bribery it  
takes to elect a Senator.

From the Houston Post.

There is not one constituent in 2,500 who knows  
that the rules of the House are, or what the rules  
of the House were when the vote was last con-  
trolled by Democrats. Is not the Committee's sug-  
gestion one which asks a Democrat who knows nothing  
about legislative procedure to direct the course of one  
who does know?

From the New York Tribune.

Representative Nicholas Longworth has responded  
to President Taft's recent recommendation of a  
permanent tariff board by suggesting a bill  
which is based upon the principle of both  
regular and progressive, with the exception, of  
course, of certain "hardshell" regulars who are not  
to be won over to anything that even looks like  
progress.

From the Omaha Bee.

The Democrats have failed in their first attempt  
to decide on a definite policy of tariff revision. Col.  
Waterson puts the matter significantly. "Some  
businessmen got out of the way and a clearing  
made in the labyrinth of confusion and misunder-  
standing." The worst of it is that prospects for  
ever getting out of this labyrinth of confusion and  
misunderstanding are not bright.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

By establishing such a commission as Senator  
Beveridge has long advocated, the tariff could  
be taken out of politics and considered like any other  
economic problem. Such a commission should be re-  
sponsible, not to the President, as the existing board  
is, but to Congress. Its members should make, if  
not for life, then for terms sufficiently long to save  
the question of reelection from the most of them at  
any one time a distant consideration.

From the Denver Times.

If the Democratic party expects to "redeem  
the nation," it must be guided by wise counsel rather  
than those who propose "a representative rally and  
a harmony dinner," with Bryan left out of the  
rallying. The Democracy has many leaders now,  
and more aspirants. It has attained its coveted  
respectability in certain financial circles. It enjoys  
the support of many important sections of the  
country. But also it needs several million voters.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Uncle Joe Cannon, regulator of his party's  
majority for many years, adept in the "near business,"  
unimpaired loss of the lower branch of Congress, was  
at his best when he was criticizing Woodrow Wil-  
son. For his efforts to have the Democratic party  
and the people of New Jersey reap the fruits of  
his victory in November, Uncle Joe knows what he  
is talking about when he speaks on practical party  
management and the actual business of government.

From the Boston Transcript.

Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, aligned  
himself with the tariff commission movement by a  
policy in the Senate, made particularly with refer-  
ence to the resolution of Senator Chamberlain. The  
policy made in the campaign, and reform of the  
rules is one of the plagues that will be redeemed.  
The sentiment against the Speaker appointing the  
committees has been crystallized, and is now so  
strong that it cannot be ignored.

From the Springfield Republican.

It is not surprising that the next Speaker will not  
appoint the committees. It is evident the country  
generally believes that the Democrats elected to the  
Sixty-second Congress pledged themselves to take  
from the Speaker the power of appointing commit-  
tees. The Democrats are going to redeem every  
pledge made in the campaign, and reform of the  
rules is one of the plagues that will be redeemed.  
The sentiment against the Speaker appointing the  
committees has been crystallized, and is now so  
strong that it cannot be ignored.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

"Laf" Young is going to stand by the producer  
first, last and in all times, the "producer" not re-  
fusing to a gentleman producer the use of the  
psychological moment, but to certain manufacturers  
who have been fattening under the present tariff  
law. It remained for "Laf" to assume the role  
of a radical standard-bearer, boldly plunging into  
the tide of popular disapproval in order to give the  
producer a chance. We think that we are going  
to see "Laf" better than Heber, anyhow. Doubtless  
he is a superior fellow in every way, and  
Jeff Davis cannot compare with him.

Uncle Joe's "Faux Pas."

From an Exchange.

Asher Hinds, who has just been elected  
to Congress from Maine, made his reputation  
as parliamentary clerk to Speaker Cannon.  
Throughout every session of the House,  
and whenever a knotty problem in par-  
liamentary procedure came up, Cannon  
turned to him to make the question.  
"What's the rule on that, Asher?"  
One afternoon, having received the de-  
sired information from Hinds, the  
Speaker, facing the membership of the  
House, began, "On this point, Asher  
says—"

But he could get no further until the  
militant beating of his gavel on the  
table had quieted the laughter of the  
members.

Mayor Gaynor's Remedy.

From the Baltimore Sun.  
In response to a letter complaining that  
the street cars in New York were not  
heated, Mayor Gaynor advised the man  
who made the complaint to walk. For  
this letter the excellent mayor has been  
subjected to some criticism in the pub-  
lic press. He should have been more sym-  
pathetic. It was said, and, besides, if  
every one took to walking there would  
be no business for the street cars, no divi-  
dends for the shareholders, and no in-  
terest for the bondholders.

"If."

From the Albany Journal.  
How wise we should all be if at middle  
life we could settle definitely know as much as  
in youth we thought we did!

## STORIES OF THE TOWN.

By FRED C. KELLY.

### A SHIRT, A SPOT, A FAUX PAS.

Hivling got out his evening clothes, in-  
cluding the one remaining clean shirt  
with broad-gauge bosom, and "that hat,"  
as Hivling always referred to his opera  
crush. You see, Hivling didn't care much  
for society himself, he trailed along just  
to keep pace. It was Christmas Eve.

When they were all ready for the start  
that night—and Mrs. Hivling kept re-  
marking, peevishly, that they were going  
to be late, as usual, she supposed—Hiv-  
ling happened to notice that his patent  
leathers looked sort of dingy. Even Mrs.  
Hivling admitted that he'd better take  
time to dab a little liquid polish on the  
footgear. Just as he was finishing the  
other shoe, he straightened up for a minute  
and dropped a wee drop of the polish on  
his shirt bosom. It was an infinites-  
imal particle, much smaller than the or-  
dinary pinhead of commerce, and would  
have mattered at all. But finding it  
there, just when he was hustling to be  
off to that assiduous affair, ruffled Hivling  
some.

"Look at this, will you?" he shouted at  
his wife.

"I don't see anything but a little speck  
on your shirt," responded the wife,  
mildly.

"That's all you see, hey? Well, you'll  
see more, Mrs. Hivling, and pretty quick,  
too, I'm here to remark. I'll just make  
this infernal shirt from look real good  
and punk while we're at it!"

Whereupon Hivling proceeded as his  
ruffled temper dictated. He took the  
dauber and drew two broad lines down  
over the bosom and two more across,  
forming a double-cross effect.

"Now, then!" remarked Hivling, in a  
tone of triumph, not even noticing his  
wife's glares; "now then!"

"Vest! Now! Vest! Now! We won't get  
to the party at all!" wailed Mrs. Hivling,  
"and after getting a new gown for the  
affair! All on account of that abominable,  
detestable temper of yours! O-o-o!  
oh! oh! it's just disgusting, the silly, fool  
things you do when some little thing  
goes wrong." She went into the other  
room and threw herself on the lounge.

Hivling, of course, had cooled down  
somewhat by that time. His wife was right.  
They would have to stay at home. And  
Hivling well knew that it would be  
many a week before he would be able  
to square himself for that night's work.

But Hivling got out of it. He called  
a cab and sent Mrs. Hivling ahead, say-  
ing that he would come along later, and  
soon as he could dig up a shirt some-  
place.

A half-hour later, Mrs. Hivling, unwill-  
ingly, was telling how she happened to be  
there alone. Mrs. Hivling was called  
down town on an important business mat-  
ter," she said, "and the dear, he just  
made me come alone. I thought it was  
mean to leave me when he was obliged to  
go down town, but he insisted until I  
gave in."

Then when Hivling finally arrived,  
looking sheepish, his first words to the  
group of women his wife had been talk-  
ing to, were: "Well, I suppose my wife's  
been telling you how I got sore and  
painted a Chinese nightmare on my  
shirt front and like to never get here at  
all, eh?"

### CHRISTMAS WANTS.

"Well, I can see that this Christmas  
game is going to work out just about as  
usual," said the man with the row of  
stogies in the pocket of his waistcoat.  
"Every year I get all worked up in a  
day or so over the possibility that things  
will be different, but they never are."

"I'll get practically the same bunch of  
old favorites that are passed out to me  
every year. There'll be a lounging robe  
so impossible in design that I'll never dare  
put it on or an evening for fear some  
close friend might come in suddenly and  
catch me in it—just such a lounging robe  
as I've got every Christmas for the last  
eight years. Besides that, some distant  
relative will send me a watch box or two  
of rain-rain design, that I won't have the  
nerve to perpetrate in public. I can count,  
too, on my wife's handing me the con-  
ventionally impossible smoking utensils  
that look as if they were taken from a  
page of the Homely Ladies' Journal. And  
so things will go. But what's the differ-  
ence so long as I'm used to it? A day or  
two after Christmas, when the marked-  
down sales begin, I'll chase downtown  
and buy the things I need just as I've  
always done, and that'll be the end of it.  
Why worry?"

"Does seem funny, though, the way a  
woman just naturally won't pay any at-  
tention to a man's wants. For the past  
two evenings I've been sitting at home in  
the evening getting off such talk as this:  
"It beats all how these women will horn  
in on little too string to wear, well, I've  
never. The next pair I get I'll have the  
man give me an 8 1/2 instead of an 8 size.  
Seems like everything wears out at once.  
These gloves look so fierce I had a no-  
tion to throw 'em away. Hate to buy  
the things, too. The clerk always says a  
9 size such as I take is an odd size or  
something and hasn't got just what I  
want. Huh! Is this the only clean hand-  
kerchief I've got? Good thing I haven't  
caught cold yet while the supply's so low.  
Mebbe I'll slip in somewhere and buy  
some to-morrow. Got to stop and get  
three or four shirts and some socks any-  
how."

"That's the kind of talk I've been keep-  
ing up, hoping it might take root and do  
some good, but it won't do any good.  
About as near as I'll come to getting what  
I really want will be when I unwrap a  
pink candlestick for the parlor mantel."

TUPPER'S PRESENT.

Tupper arose Christmas morning pre-  
pared for the inevitable. He smiled to  
himself cynically as he inserted himself  
into his "other" trousers, and thought  
of how he would go in to unwrap the  
things done up in the paper and la-  
beled "For George." He knew that he  
would find a good many old friends  
among the packages.

There would be the usual wildly em-  
brodered slippers, an impossible necktie  
or so, two or three pairs of suspenders,  
because he always wears a belt; a box of  
cheap cigars with a nifty Spanish senorita  
sitting on the lid, the same as a reform  
mayor; another match box to add to his  
collection; a full dress shirt shield to re-  
mind him of the old days when he used  
to wear his dress suit occasionally—Ah,  
they'd all be there. He just knew it. But  
he was used to it, so what matter?

"Why can't the women folks around a  
house forget a few of these things a man  
gets each year, and let him take the  
money and get himself something that  
he really wants?" he thought to him-  
self. "A fur-lined overcoat, for instance.  
But, aw, no! They wouldn't stand for  
anything like that. He had mentioned  
wanting a new overcoat early in the fall,  
but the missus had ridiculed the idea,  
and when he brought home that set of

books he'd been wanting, the whole fam-  
ily jumped on him and abused him as if  
he were a crook.

He started in to untie his packages.  
In a few minutes he found himself un-  
wrapping an extremely large bundle. This  
was something out of the ordinary. Oh,  
it must be a silk dressing gown. How he  
hated such things!

But it wasn't.  
It was his fur-lined overcoat!

Maybe he didn't feel cheap or anything,  
then. What a cad—what a crab he had  
been. He'd even thought of overlooking  
that jewelry the wife wanted just because  
she had made such a fuss when he spoke  
of buying a new overcoat. And here it  
was all because she wanted to surprise  
him. Wasn't wife the all-right girl,  
though? She'd probably saved up the  
money out of her allowance—probably had  
done without a whole lot of things she  
wanted. Well, he was glad he hadn't  
been a cheap skate and cut down her  
Christmas list anyhow.

Meanwhile Mrs. Tupper was standing  
off enjoying Tupper's delight over his new  
coat.

"Were you surprised?" she asked him.  
"You know I was so afraid the tailor  
might let the cat out of the bag by send-  
ing in a bill, because I ordered it fully a  
month ago. But he was real nice about it—  
said he wouldn't send the bill to you un-  
til after Christmas. Wasn't that accom-  
modating of him?"

### GEORGE'S SYNDICATE.

Of the eighteen clerks in the office of a  
certain retail firm in this town, seventeen  
—eighteen, at a conservative estimate,  
think that Miss Dimpleton, the chief  
stenographer, has all the best of the  
girls chased up a willow tree.

Little is said about this feeling of high  
esteem for the chief stenographer, but a  
lot of things have been lately thought  
about the possibility of buying a Chris-  
tmas gift that will win favor in her sight.  
Everybody wondered and wondered.  
Nobody dared ask her lest some rival  
might overhear her answer. But Smith  
thought of something. He called to  
George, the office boy, just as everybody  
was leaving the office at the noon hour.  
And right there George was entrusted  
with a commission.

The next day George came and whis-  
pered into Smith's ear, "Copper chaf-  
ing dish"—just those words were all he  
uttered. Smith, without even so much as  
looking up from his work, reached into  
his pocket for a silver dollar, and  
handed it to George.

Now, many office boys would have been  
satisfied with one silver dollar picked up  
so easily. George was, too—for about  
half a day. Then he pondered over a  
syndicate plan that occurred to him.  
Within twenty-four hours he had given  
information to every clerk in the office  
for which each one was willing to give  
half a dollar.

From this the thoughtful reader may  
be able to figure out just how it comes  
about that Miss Dimpleton is reasonably  
certain to receive seventeen or eighteen  
certain dishes among her Christmas gifts  
this year.

### A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Easily Recognized.  
O  
Let us  
Gather in  
Our glad around  
The festive Christmas  
Tree. A symbol of  
The Yuletide  
Bliss,  
It  
Is  
In  
Shape  
About like this.

The Stage Setting.  
"Do apartment house kids believe in  
Santa Claus when there are no chim-  
neys?"

"We explain that he sends the presents  
up the dumb-waiter."

"Hurts the illusion, doesn't it?"

"Not a bit. We fix the janitor to  
jingle sleigh bells in the basement."

A Neat Idea.  
"Father took such a neat way to in-  
form me that he